NUMB. CLII.

The SPECTATOR.

Τοιήδ' ἢ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. Hom.

Friday, Auguſt 24. 1711.

THERE is no ſort of People whoſe Converſation is ſo pleaſant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Converſation ſo full of Incidents, and gives them ſo frank an Air in ſpeaking of what they have been Witneſſes of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Senſe who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Diſcourſe, which has ſomething more warm and pleaſing than we meet with among Men who are uſed to adjuſt and methodiſe their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTREY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what paſſed when he was in the Service, forbear expreſſing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the reſt of Mankind, arm our ſelves againſt with ſo much Contemplation, Reaſon, and Philoſophy, ſhould appear ſo little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet oppoſite Battallions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend anſwered what I ſaid in the following Manner: 'What you wonder at 'may very naturally be the Subject of Admiration 'to all who are not converſant in Camps; but 'when a Man has ſpent ſome Time in that Way of 'Life, he obſerves a certain mechanick Courage 'which the ordinary Race of Men become Maſters 'of from acting always in a Crowd: They ſee 'indeed many drop, but then they ſee many more 'alive; they obſerve themſelves eſcape very narrowly, and they do not know why they ſhould 'not again. Beſides which general way of looſe thinking, they uſually ſpend the other Part of their Time 'in Pleaſures, upon which their Minds are ſo entirely bent, that ſhort Labours or Dangers are but a 'cheap Purchaſe of Jollity, Triumph, Victory, freſh 'Quarters, new Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. 'Such are the Thoughts of the executive Part of 'an Army, and indeed of the Groſs of Mankind 'in general; but none of theſe Men of mechanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in 'the Profeſſion of Arms. Thoſe who are formed for 'Command, are ſuch as have reaſoned themſelves, 'out of a Conſideration of greater Good than 'Length of Days, into ſuch a Negligence of their 'Being, as to make it their firſt Poſition, That it 'is one Day to be reſigned; and ſince it is, in the 'Proſecution of worthy Actions and Service of 'Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. 'The Event of our Deſigns, ſay they, as it relates 'to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to our 'ſelves it muſt be proſperous, while we are in the 'Purſuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon 'which Providence has enſured our Happineſs, whether we die or live. All which Nature has preſcribed muſt be good; and as Death is natural to 'us, it is Abſurdity to fear it. Fear loſes its Purpoſe when we are ſure it cannot preſerve us, and 'we ſhould draw Reſolution to meet it from the 'Impoſſibility to eſcape it. Without a Reſignation 'to the Neceſſity of dying, there can be no Capacity in Man to attempt any thing that is glorious; but when they have once attained to that 'Perfection, the Pleaſures of a Life ſpent in martial Adventures are as great as any of which the humane Mind is capable. The Force of Reaſon gives 'a certain Beauty, mixed with the Conſcience of 'Well-doing and Thirſt of Glory, to all which before was terrible and ghaſtly to the Imagination. 'Add to this, that the Fellowſhip of Danger, the 'common Good of Mankind, the general Cauſe, 'and the manifeſt Virtue you may obſerve in ſo 'many Men, who made no Figure till that Day, 'are ſo many Incentives to deſtroy the little Conſideration of their own Perſons. Such are the 'heroick Part of Soldiers who are qualified for 'Leaders: As to the reſt whom I before ſpoke 'of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a 'certain Habit of being void of Thought, inſomuch that on Occaſion of the moſt imminent 'Danger they are ſtill in the ſame Indifference: 'Nay I remember an Inſtance of a gay *Frenchman* 'who was led on in Battle by a ſuperior Officer, '(whoſe Conduct it was his Cuſtom to ſpeak of al-

'ways

ways with Contempt and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Action received a Wound he was ſenſible was mortal; his Reflection upon this Occaſion was, *I wiſh I could live another Hour, to ſee how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this Buſineſs.*

'I remember two young Fellows who aid in the ſame Squadron of a Troop of Horſe who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intreagued; in a Word, all their Paſſions and Affections ſeem'd to tend the ſame Way, and they appear'd ſerviceable to each other in them. We were in the Duſk of the Evening to march over a River, and the Troop theſe Gentlemen belonged to were to be tranſported in a Ferry-boat as faſt as they could. One of the Friends was now in the Boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the Water-ſide waiting the Return of the Boat. A Diſorder happened in the Paſſage by an unruly Horſe; and a Gentleman who had the Rein of his Horſe negligently under his Arm, was forced into the Water by his Horſe's jumping over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, whoſe that is drowned trow? He was immediately anſwered, your Friend *Harry Thompſon*. He very gravely replyed, *Ay he had a mad Horſe*. This ſhort Epitaph from ſuch a Familiar without more Words, gave me, at that Time under twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friendſhip of Companions. Thus is Affection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality, rooted out by the preſent buſy Scene about them: They lament no Man whoſe Capacity can be ſupplied by another; and where Men converſe without Delicacy, the next Man you meet will ſerve as well as he whom you have lived with half your Life. To ſuch the Devaſtation of Countries, the Miſery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the Pillaged, and the ſilent Sorrow of the great Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of their own Senſes and Appetites, forgetful of Compaſſion, inſenſible of Glory, avoiding only Shame; their whole Hearts taken up with the trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. Theſe are the People who make up the Groſs of the Soldiery: But the fine Gentleman in that Band of Men is ſuch a one as I have now in my Eye, who is foremoſt in all Danger to which he is ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Companions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentlemen; the private Men his Brethren, as they are of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold him: They wiſh him in Danger as he views their Ranks, that they may have Occaſions to ſave him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the Order of the Files where he commands; every Man afraid for himſelf and his Neighbour, not leaſt their Commander ſhould puniſh them, but leaſt he ſhould be offended. Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and feels their Diſtreſſes ſo far as to prevent them. Juſt in diſtributing what is their Due, he would think himſelf below their Taylor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in Lace upon his own; and below the moſt rapacious Agent ſhould he enjoy a Farthing above his own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and immortal Happineſs thy Reward.

At the Deſire of ſome Perſons of Quality.
By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this Day, being Bartholomew-day, will be preſented that celebrated Comedy call'd, Bartholomew-Fair. Written by the famous Ben. Johnſon. The Part of Barthel new-Cloke to be performed by Mr. Bullock, Waſp by Mr. Johnſon, Little-wit by Mr. Norris, Quarlous by Mr. Mills, Win-wife by Mr. Bowington, Edgworth by Mr. Bullock Jun Rabby-Buſy by Mr. Pack, Filch by Mr. Burkhead, Win-little-wit by Mrs. Saunders, Puppet by Mrs. Powell, Grace by Miſs Willis, Urſula by Mr. Croſs.

This Play is ſold by Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's-Head, over against Katherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

Meſſieurs Brooke and Hellier Merchants in Basing lane near Bread-ſtreet, hereby give Notice, That having begun ſucceſsfully to retail the only new red and white (natural) Oporto and Viana Wines, near, in the Poſſeſſion of Merchants (the beſt Wines that Portugal has produc'd for ſeveral Years paſt): They are determin'd to continue the ſame daily at the Prices following, viz. new red and white Oporto and white Viana Wines neat at 17 l. per Hhd. and 18 d. per Quart; new red Viana Wines neat at 13 l. per Hhd. and 15 d. per Quart, in the ſeveral Places herein inſerted, viz. in a Vault under a front Houſe in Salisbury-Court in Fleet-ſtreet, in a Vault under Mr. Rymes a Furrier at the Unicorn over-againſt the Maypole in the Strand: And that Yeſterday being Thurſday the 23d Inſtant, they will alſo retail their ſaid (natural) new Oporto and Viana Wines near, in a Vault in Freeman's-Yard near the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill, in a Vault under the Crown-Tavern in Bread-ſtreet, near Cheapſide, at the aforeſaid Prizes: But in the Horn Tavern in new Pallace-yard Weſtminſter, they will ſell their natural new Oporto and white Viana at 20 d. per Quart, and the red Viana Wines at 16 d. per Quart; and for without Doors at the aboveſaid Prices. Note, That further Notice ſhall be given of other Vaults, &c. that will be taken for the better Accommodation of the whole Town.

An Incomparable pleaſant Tincture to reſtore the Senſe of Smelling, tho' loſt for many Years. A few Drops of which being ſnuff'd up the Noſe, infallibly Cures thoſe who have loſt their Smell, let it proceed from what Cauſe ſoever; it admirably opens all manner of Obſtructions of the Olfactory, or Smelling Nerves, comforts and ſtrengthens the Head and Brain, and revives the Smelling Faculty to a Miracle, effectually removing whatever is the Cauſe of the Diſorder of that Senſe, and perfectly Cures, ſo as to cauſe the Perſon to ſmell as quick and well, as any one in the World. Price 2 s. 6d. a Bottle. Sold only at Mr. Payne's Toyſhop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapſide, with Directions.

This Chriſtal Coſmetick approv'd of by the worthy Dr. PAUL CHAMBERLAINE, viz. By waſhing Morning or Evening cures all red Faces proceeding from what Cauſe ſoever, it takes off all Morphews, Pimples and Freckles; it's of a ſoft Nature, cleanſing and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very beautiful Manner; and may be uſed with as much Safety as Milk, having in it no Mercury (ſo frequently made uſe of) or any other thing that may be prejudicial to the Body, being the beſt of this Nature extant. Price of the larger Bottle 6 s. the leſſer 3 s. Sold at Mr. Allcraſe's over-againſt the Royal-Exchange, Cornhill; Mr. Jackſon's the Corner of Wood-ſtreet, Cheapſide; formerly ſold at the Comb, but now removed to the Seven-Stars under St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleet-ſtreet; Mr. Bracknock's at the upper End of St. James's-ſtreet, Piccadilly. Note, to prevent Counterfeits, each ſingle Bottle with Directions is tied and ſealed with this Coat of Arms, being a Frenchman a Lion Rampant on a Canton.

Sir *Theodore Mayern's* (Phyſitian to King Charles) Opiate for the Teeth, viz. Makes them clean and white as Ivory, tho' never ſo black or rotten, faſtneth and preſerveth them from the Tooth-ach; being a moſt excellent thing for preventing and killing the Scurvy, having nothing in it deſtructive to the Teeth, neither fretting or wearing the Gums away, as is the Nature of all Powders: About the Quantity of a large Pea, rubbed hard only upon the Teeth every Morning, waſhing it off with clean Water, until you have uſed one of the largeſt Boxes, which will be ſufficient unleſs greatly troubled with the Scurvy, and then may uſe more as Occaſion requires: It having been experienc'd by ſeveral Perſons of Quality to be the only thing extant. Price of the largeſt Box 2 s. 6 d. the leſſer one 1 s. 3 d. Alſo his Imperial Snuff, each Paper 6 d. Sold at Mr. Garretts under the Royal Exchange, at John's Coffee-houſe in Swithin's Ally near the Exchange, at the Angel in Ball-Ally near Lombard-ſtreet, at Mr. Jackſon's the Corner of Wood-ſtreet Cheapſide, at Mr. Rogers the North-End of St. Paul's Church-yard, at the Roſe and Crown under St. Dunſtan's Church Fleet-ſtreet, at the Plough in the New-Exchange Strand, at Will's Coffee-houſe under Scotland-yard Gateway, and at Oldman's Coffee houſe near Chairing-Croſs.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

T